A TRVE CHRISTIAN SVBIECT Vnder an Heathen Prince:

OR

TERTULLIANS Plea for Allegeance, argued in time of the ſixth Perſecution, under the Emperour SEVERUS.

Ann. Dom. 204.

With

A briefe Application to the Citizens of London, *written by a Member of the Houſe of Commons.*

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or TERTULLIANS plea for Allegeance, argued in time of the ſixth Perſecution under the Emperour SEVERUS. *Ann. Dom.* 204.

Apol. ca. 30. *PRecantes ſumus ſemper pro omnibus Imperatoribus, vitam illis prolixam, Imperium ſecurum, domum tutam, exercitus fortes, Senatum fidelem, populum probum, orbem quietum, quæcunque hominis & Cæſaris vota ſunt.* Cap. 33. *Imperatorem* Dominus *noſter elegit: ut merito dixerim, noſter eſt magis Cæſar, ut à* Deo noſtro *conſtitutus, itaque ut meo plus illi operor in ſalutem.* Cap. 36. *Iidem ſumus Imperatoribus, qui & vicinis noſtris; malè enim velle, malè facere, malè dicere, malè cogitare de quoquam ex aquo vetamur.*

WE alwayes pray for all Emperors, that they may enjoy a long life, ſecure Empire, ſafe manſion, ſtrong Armies, faithfull Counſell, good Subjects, quiet times, and whatſoever may be his wiſh as a man, and as a *Cæſar*: it is our *Lord* who hath choſen the Emperour: and I may juſtly ſay, *Cæſar* is more ours then yours, as being conſtituted by *our God*: and therefore I doe more labour for his ſafety, hee being my King. We are the ſame to the Emperours, as we are to our own neighbours, for wee are equally forbidden to wiſh ill, do ill, ſpeak ill, think ill of any mã.

Quodcunque non licet in Imperatorem, id nec in quenquam: quod in neminem, eo forsitan magis nec in ipsum qui per Deum *tantus est. Hesterni sumus, & vestra omnia implevimus, Vrbes, Insulas, Castella, Municipia, Conciliabula, Castra ipsa, Tribus, Decurias, Palatium, Senatum, Forum, sola vobis relinquimus Templa. Cui bello non idonei, non prompti fuissemus, etiam impares copijs, qui tam libenter trucidamur? Si non apud istam disciplinam magis occidi liceret, quàm occidere. Potuimus & inermes, nec Rebelles, sed tantummodo discordes solius divertii invidiâ adversus vos dimicâsse. Si enim tanta vis hominum in aliquem orbis remoti sinum abrupissemus a vobis, suffudisset utique Dominationem vestram tot qualiumcunque amissio civium, imò*

Whatsoever is not lawfull against the Emperour, is unlawfull toward any other: what may be done unto no man, so much the rather may not be done unto him, who *through God* is so great a man. Wee are but of yesterday, yet have wee filled all places among you, Cities, Islands, Cittadels, Boroughs, Assemblies, your very Campe, your Tribes of the common people, Decuries of the Judges, the Palace, the Senate, the Judicatories, we onely leave to you your Temples. For what Warre are not wee fit and ready, though wee were fewer in number, who so willingly are put to death? But that wee are taught that it is more lawfull to be slaine, then to kill. Wee (even without Armes, and without Rebelling) if wee differed from you in the ill will of a Division only, could fight enough against you. For if we (so great a force) should breake from you into any remote corner of the world, so great a losse of Citizens (such as wee are, whatso-

etiam

etiam & deſtitutione puniſſet. Procul dubio expaviſſetis ad ſolitudinem veſtram, ad ſilentium rerum, & ſtuporem quemdã quaſi mortuæ urbis, quæſiſſetis quibus in ea imperaſſetis. Plures hoſtes quàm cives remanſiſſent. Nunc enim pauciores hoſtes habetis præ multitudine Chriſtianorum penè omnium civium, penè omnes cives Chriſtianos habendo.

ever you thinke of us) would undermine your Empire: I, and puniſh you enough even with a meere deſertion. Without all doubt, you would have ſtarted at your owne ſolitude, at the dumbneſſe of things, and in a certaine amazement as of a dead City, you would have enquired for people over whom to reigne. You would have found more enemies, than Citizens. For, even now you have the fewer enemies, by reaſon of the multitude of Chriſtian Citizens, having almoſt all Citizens Chriſtian among you.

Application to the Citizens of famous LONDON.

Thus *Tertullian*, from the very Principles of our *Chriſtian* Religion, doth plead the harmeleſſe innocency, the willing obedience, and due ſubjection of Primitive *Chriſtians*, even to irreligious heathen, and to perſecuting Kinges. Is Religion Changed? or have our Princes leſſe duty owing unto them then the Heathen had? Is *Buchanan* wiſe, and *Tertullian* a foole; Is *Machiavell* true, and *Tertullian* falſe? Are *Iunius Brutus*, *Burrowes*, *Parker*, *Pryn*, — good Subjects, and was *Tertullian* a Traytor? will you value

value ſeditious Pamphlets, and deſpiſe the ancient when they ſpeake Orthodoxe? Are we leſſe bound to the ſacred Text then our Fathers were? Is our Charter of Liberties more then God gave to his firſt Saintes? Have we leave to be leſſe *Chriſtian*, then they were? Is *Charles* a Perſecuter, or was *Severus* a Pious Prince? It is a ſhame to plead ſo plaine a cauſe. Noe ſalve can cure a wilfull diſtruſt. Three thinges there are, which once (deepely) infected, are never fully cured: *Hereſy*, *Lunacy*, and *Iealouſy*. But God confound their Purpoſes, who not being doubtfull in themſelves, do yet create and nurſe up the *Iealouſies* of others, wherewith to worke their owne darke ends. Miſerable are the people who reſolue to ſee onely with their eares. Demonſtration will not convince them. Their eare is tickled that here is an Army of Papiſts, when yet we goe to the Proteſtant Church, and there performe all the oppoſites to papall ſuperſtition. Awake, and ſee how your ſoules are ſotted, by giveing them up to theſe deluſions. Eaſe your ſelves and us by owning the goodneſſe of our King, who gladly would owne your love in a due ſubjection. Spare your ſelves, your wives, your fortunes, and your children. All are now ready to be expoſed for that which may be given you without a ſtroake; Nay which is offered to you, and is onely hindered by the wicked miſ-interpretation of a few falſe men about you. Do not ſay you deſire peace, but give it to us and to your ſelves by leaving impeached Traytors to ſtand or fall alone. What is *Pym*, what are *Hollys*, *Hampden*, *Haſelrig*, and *Strode*, what *Kimbolton*, and a few men more, that they may not undergoe the tryall of our Lawes? Aſke any one of them alone, and if hee have not innocency enough to offer himſelfe

to

to the tryall, yet hee will have ſhame enough to ſay, hee is not affraid to be tryed: Hee hath not braſſe enough to ſay, I will not be tryed by the Law of the Land. whether theſe men (and others) be guilty or innocent, will you for ever undoe this kingdome, rather then let us know whether they be innocent or no? what have they deſerved that you and thouſands more muſt feele the ſword, for them that were the cauſe to un-ſheath it? who ever did tread downe all that is deare unto us ſo, as they have done? who ever laboured to raiſe us up into our iuſt liberties, as the King hath done? The King doth plead our Lawes for us, and they pay him againe with Votes. The King doth owne our true Religion, whilſt a faction among you, doth cheriſh and multiply ſchiſmes with good allowance. His Majeſty doth argue the Subjects Liberty, whilſt wee are by fellow Subjects rifled and impriſoned. Hee thought to have enioyed his owne Property in *Hull*, and was denyed; but Prophecied then that theſe men next would invade your property alſo, as now is done. Looke to the twentieth part, which is but a ſetting dogge to ſhew where the covey of nineteen are: what hopes have you of prevailing in this warre ſo full of doubts, changes, neceſſities, feares, diſtruſts; and ſo many among you (even of your Leaders) truer to the King, then you wiſh or are aware of? I ſpeake the freedome of a friend, Do not put us to winne the King his right againe with our ſwords: perhaps the conſequences may reach farther then we wiſh, or you yet do feare. And what would you do, if you ſhould once prevaile? How often muſt you fight again and againe? how many victories upon victories muſt you get, and yet fall ſhort

againe?

again, for our Gratious *King*, and our deare blacke *Prince* ſhall ſtill revive with new ſtrength to ſubdue you. God cannot leave the *King* in this the juſteſt warre (on his ſide) that ever *Chriſtian* drew a ſword in. Give up thoſe few traytor citizens among you. Lay down your armes, and give the land no farther cauſe to wiſh our beſt City a heape of ſtones.

Your friend, more then

they who Vote for Warre,

IRENÆUS PHILOPOLIS.